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## SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
 The things which our weak judgment here has spurned—  
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—  
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, that, while we frown and sigh,  
 God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
 How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
 Because His wisdom to the end could see;  
 And, e'en as prudent parents disallow  
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,  
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
 Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
 Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;  
 And if some friend we love is lying low,  
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
 Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,  
 And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
 And stand within, and all God's working see,  
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
 And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;  
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
 And if through patient toil we reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
 When we shall clearly know and understand,  
 I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

## A PAN-AMERICAN MONUMENT.

The Washington *Evening Star* of April 17th says:

Senor Mendonca of Brazil, one of the committee appointed by the Pan-American congress to devise and report a plan for expressing the grateful appreciation by the visiting delegates of the courtesies and hospitality extended by the United States government and the delegates from the United States, proposes that the delegates from Central and South America inaugurate a movement for the erection in the city of Washington as a gift to the people of the United States of a monument to commemorate the gathering of the first congress of all the nations on the western hemisphere.

Mr. Mendonca says that this monument shall not only commemorate the meeting of the congress, but typify in its design the principal results secured, *chief among which he placed the adoption of the principle of arbitration as the means of settling all disputes and difficulties that might arise between two American nations.*

—The right way to go through life, and have the best manners, is to feel and to act as though everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.

## MRS. CORA KENNEDY SADA.

We are indebted to Miss Williams, a friend and relative of Mrs. Sada, for a translation of the beautiful eulogy pronounced to her memory by Signor Ludovico Carli, March 16, 1890, at Milan, before the International Peace Society, of which Mrs. Sada was a benefactor; to the noble and devoted Secretary of which, *M. Moneta*, she was a kind and attached friend. We regret that our space at this time compels us to condense this eloquent oration.

It will interest American readers to know that Mrs. Sada was a daughter of the well-known Dr. Donald Kennedy, and a member of a family distinguished for kind and benevolent activities. Her husband, energetically and successfully prosecuted his business as a civil engineer in South America and retired to his Italian home in advanced life and enjoyed the comfort of competence and the society of a beloved wife in whose benevolent purposes and deeds he fully sympathized and actively shared.

Miss Williams was a companion of Mrs. Sada to the last and has but recently returned to her American home. We are also indebted to Dr. G. G. Kennedy of Boston for several beautifully printed copies of the eulogy in Italian.

Cora Kennedy Sada was born in Boston, Mass., of an English mother and a Scotch father. She was always a person of strong attachments and in her early youth showed a great love of the country which had given her a father. The old Scottish legends, the old Scottish poetry, were things very dear to her heart and entered with other beautiful things into the formation of her rare character. A warm, sympathetic nature showed itself in her early life, and grew later on into that grand goodness of heart, that benevolence of spirit, which showed itself in her smallest and least noticed acts.

She was an author of more than average ability but never had enough opportunity in her life to cultivate to its highest, the ideal side of her character. With an invalid mother as a constant care upon her, she could not devote her whole time to the literary work that she so loved. Her poems, however, breathe the sincerity of her life. They are inspired by love of humanity and by love of God. All war, all oppression, every form of vice, all meanness in man, was abhorrent to her. Although she loathed wrong doing, yet her gentle nature ever reached out toward erring men to help and succor them.

Madame Sada's husband was a noble-hearted man and somewhat like his wife. He was an Italian and a resident of Milan. She was drawn to him through his reputation as a man of philanthropic character and kind deeds. He died a few months before his wife.

Nothing is more interesting about her than the fact that she loved all humanity, not merely a small, select portion of mankind. Above all countries she loved America. Above all statesmen she revered Washington. But she was a citizen of the world and looked upon all men as her fellow-countrymen. Thus she was a devoted friend of the Italian Garibaldi, while at the same time she admired the great French author, Victor Hugo. The portrait of Lincoln, draped with the flag of her native country, adorned her *salon*.

Italy was her home for many years and it is there that she died. She was worn out and exhausted by the care of her mother. She had lost her husband, her parents, and many dear ones, and had no children to solace her.